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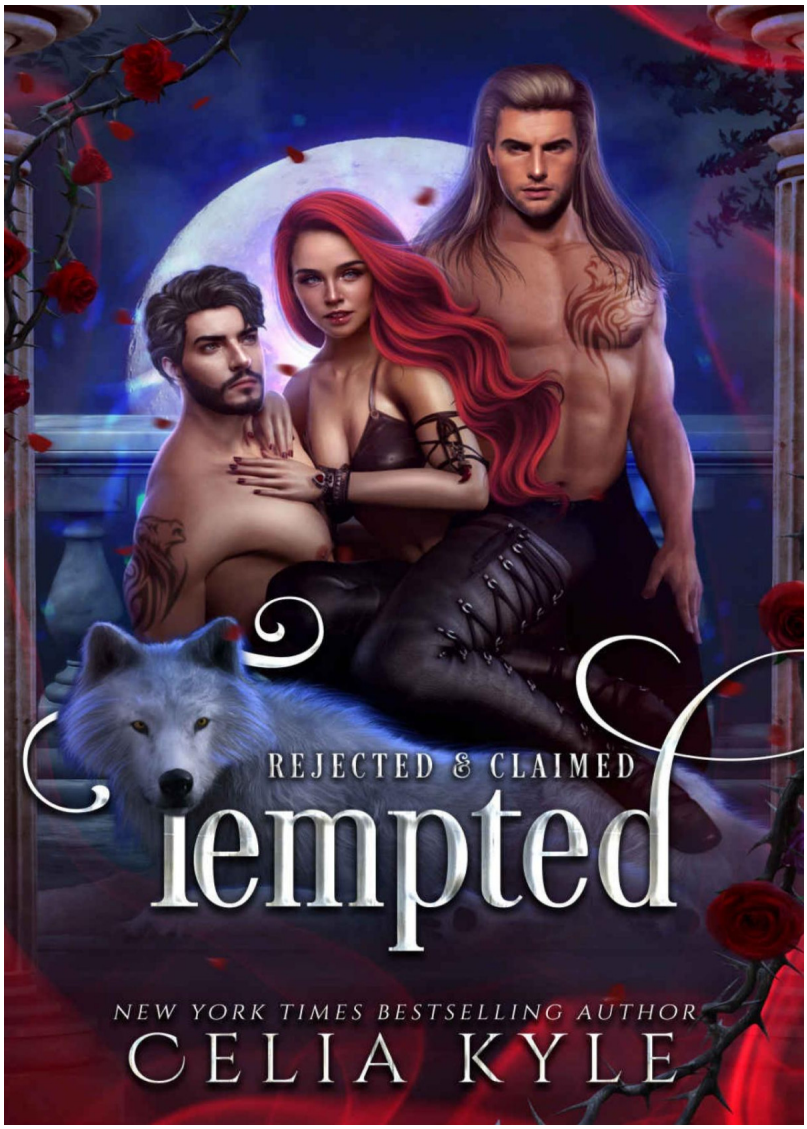

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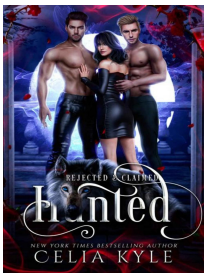

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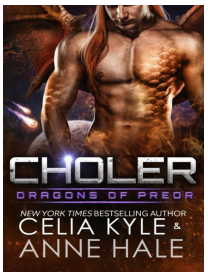

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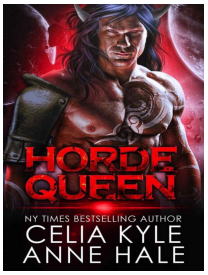

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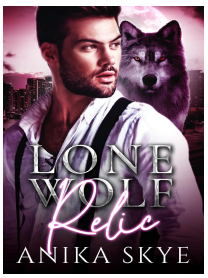

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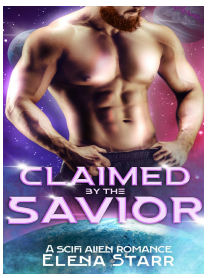

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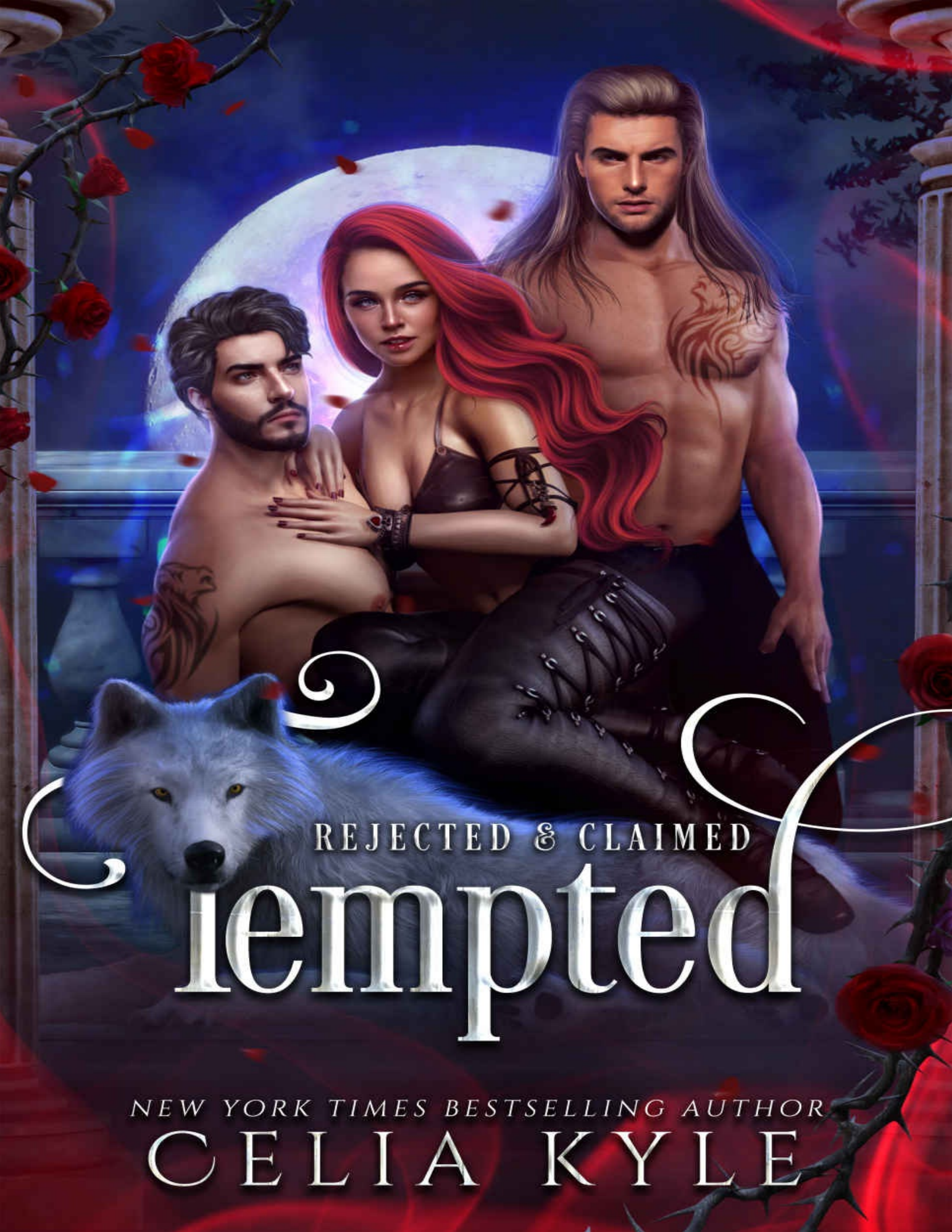
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Tempted

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Celia Kyle

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Contents

Description

Excerpt

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Chapter 24

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Chapter 28

About the Author

Copyright

Description

ONE REJECTED MATE + two sexy werewolves = a match made in fated heaven?

Harlow has been ready to stand at her mate's side as he Ascends to the position of alpha for years. But he crushes that dream and wrenches her heart out when he chooses another female to be his mate.

Unable to stay and witness her would-be mate's continuing betrayal, Harlow flees to the small town of Forest Crest and finds work at a local vet. But malicious hunters are hot on her scent and she's forced to seek Sanctuary with the enigmatic Gravecrest Pack where she's drawn into the orbit of powerful Alpha Atlas and steadfast Beta Colt.

Despite the pain of rejection, Harlow is captivated and craves both men. But can her heart whether the storm of possible rejection a second time? Or is she brave enough to reach for a connection that defies the norms of her shifter world?

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Excerpt

HARLOW'S HAND SHOOK AS she opened the door, and her worst fears were confirmed. There, in the room she currently called home, were three men not even bothering to conceal themselves. She felt her heart accelerate, her mind adrift with a stream of possibilities, each worse than the last. Were these men robbing her room? Were they sent by Vincent to end her life? She could only speculate. Her mouth was dry, her hands clammy.

She prepared herself for the worst-case scenario; the only thing she wasn't prepared for was if they had a weapon. Oh god. What if they had a gun? In that case, she had no solution. She ran through a list of people she could call, other than nine-one-one, if she were backed into an emergency situation and then realized she was hundreds of miles away from anybody who could help her.

When nobody attempted to move toward her or harm her in any way, she grew confused.

"Umm… this is my room." Perhaps it had been a misunderstanding.

"Yeah, we know," the muscular one in the white shirt said. His eyes were mesmerizing ambers with a ring of obsidian. She ran over the curves of his muscles with her eyes. They were perfect. At some point, too many muscles became unattractive and unwieldy, and his physique had stopped slightly before "monstrous" and just after "godly."

"Oh." She looked from the man speaking to the two men in T-shirts, who were also quite well-built, more like swimmers than bodybuilders. She felt guilty, objectifying men who by all intents were currently breaking and entering. "Well, could you please get out?"

This time, the blue-eyed one spoke. His voice had an intricate, almost poetic, rhythm to it. His sandy blond hair would have been positively blinding in any other light.

"It's a sad day when a wolf loses their senses. You're a bit out of practice. Aren't you?"

Chapter 1

Harlow

THE SCENTS WRAPPED AROUND her—rosemary, lavender, and calendula combined with antiseptic and the cotton of the bandages. Harlow inhaled them all, noticing how each changed and died off and in what order, how they mixed together, and how precisely she could pick them out.

"You should be getting used to it by now," said Julia, the pack healer, obviously noticing how she was taking in all this information. "These things will become second nature to you, but I can already tell you're meant for this work. I've been doing this a long time, got a nose for it."

"Yes," said Harlow. "It's changing all the time. Growing, I mean." She raked her eyes over the counter and cabinet that housed all the usual things—the bandages, wraps, and antiseptics as well as the pack's medicine. She'd already begun learning about the herbal bruise balms and the pain-reducing tinctures, including their components and how to make them. Administering them had become the next step.

As the second healer, she still had so much to learn, but Julia was the best teacher, highly proficient in the medicines specific to shifters that worked well with their abilities. Now, however, she had to deal with the patients who'd tumbled into Julia's practice a short while ago.

In front of her was Jackson, one of the three young boys who'd come in after getting scuffed up during some play fighting. This was far from unusual, especially among boys of this age. The two others had already been seen to and now it was Jackson's turn.

"Good," replied Julia. "Work with it. Don't let anything go to waste." She tied off a bandage and wiped her brow. "Follow those instincts and make sure they come before anything else—eventually. But you've got eyes as well as a nose, and that's just as important at this stage."

"I will," agreed Harlow. "And thanks for everything you're doing to instruct me."

Julia sniffed. "Not a problem, it's my job. When you're my age and you've fixed up as many people as I have, it'll be your job, too. God knows the Hollow Grove pack will always need a healer."

Harlow smiled, wondering if she'd ever be as competent as Julia when it came to healing. There seemed to be nothing the woman didn't know, sometimes not even having to raise her eyes to figure out what was wrong.

"Can we go soon?" asked the small boy on the couch. "This bandage is tight."

"When you're done," Julia countered, firmly yet with warmth. "If you lot are gonna get yourself into these scrapes, you'll come in useful somehow. Harlow here needs to learn how to be a healer, so we are going a bit slower to help her."

"It's true." Harlow nodded. "You're my guinea pigs for today."

"I ain't no guinea pig," said Jackson. "I'm a *wolf*."

Harlow laughed and reached for the balm. “That’s for sure.” She applied it to the scrapes on his head. “A wolf with more energy than he knows what to do with.”
“You sound like my mom,” he said, wincing.
“Bro, your mom doesn’t sound like that. She’s more like—”
“That’s enough of that, Finn!” warned Julia as Jackson’s head snapped around, ready to pounce again. “This isn’t the forest. It’s my practice, and I won’t have arguing in here.”
“Sorry.” Finn lowered his head, obviously knowing when he was acting out of turn.
“I think we could all do with forgetting about this, shaking hands, and remembering that you’re friends. Jackson, turn to me, please. I still need to fix this up,” said Harlow. He did as asked, looking back at her as if her words alone brought down the temperature. “I know it’s easy for things to get a bit rough during play fighting, but it’s more important that we learn how to control these feelings when they come up. Otherwise, things can get out of hand like they have today,” she continued.
Jackson huffed. “Okay,” he said. “Thanks, Harlow. Thanks, Julia.”
“That’s what we’re here for,” said Julia, ruffling his hair. “Now make sure you do as Harlow here says. Make up and try not to get into any more fights today. Plenty of jobs around here need doing if you’re bored.”
“It’s okay,” said Jackson, already halfway out the door. “We’re not bored anymore.”
Julia smirked at Harlow as the children left and she closed the door behind them. “Kids,” she said. “Good practice material, bad for the nerves sometimes.”
Harlow laughed. “I remember being that age. Always needing to be fixed up.”
“Yeah, comes with the territory. Anyway, good job there.”
“Thanks, I feel like I need to do a bit more studying up on the healing balm components, especially the temperatures and the—”
“I don’t just mean about that. I was talking about the way you are with people. That’s the real sign of a healer. Everything else can be taught, but not the other stuff—empathy, interacting with patients, especially children. That can’t be taught. It’s innate, and you have *it*.”
Harlow swallowed hard, almost feeling as though she might spill a tear or two. It was one thing to know she was becoming more competent with the medicines, but what Julia said to her meant the world. At times she believed she wasn’t suited to being a wolf and a pack member, as if she were wrong somehow.
But since she had been learning under Julia’s mentorship, she’d begun to see that maybe she was okay after all. Not only that, but she could use those skills as a healer. And *every* pack needed healers.
Once she finished up at the practice, she headed back to pack territory, looking forward to getting home so she could study up on some of what she’d learned today. She also wanted to see her mate, Vincent. It seemed like they were ships that passed in the night these days, and Harlow found it harder and harder to be away from him.
The walk home wasn’t a long one, but she took her time. It was a chance to reflect on the day as well as take in her surroundings, and that’s why she rarely drove. This land was hers, just like all the others who belonged to the pack, and she savored every moment she got to spend outdoors.
The road into Hollow Grove, the place that she called home, was flanked by dense forest. She’d run here as a child, as both girl and wolf, and she’d learned the ways of the pack. She was sure she knew every tree, heard the snap of every branch, and had trodden every square inch of the ground.
Drizzle misted her face and clung to her hair as the scent of pine needles and damp earth stuck to her skin. These things made her feel alive and a part of this place. She closed her eyes and breathed them in, each cell of her body recognizing them as if they were one and the same.

As she approached the town, she looked up over the mountain that seemed to stand guard, its trees needling the gray sky, and smiled. It was a ritual now, a way of acknowledging this was home and, when she was a young girl, she was sure the mountain spoke back to her.

She took a shortcut to avoid the main road through town, enjoying her own company and not wanting to disturb her sense of peace. The only thoughts that sprang to mind were of hope that Vincent would be home when she arrived.

In the distance she saw their home and her heart warmed. She and Vincent had lived together for only a short time, but their home had become so important to her, a place where they could both learn about themselves and each other before they embarked on the rest of their lives together.

As she got closer, she picked up her pace, each footstep bringing her closer to where she wanted to be right now, and she was sure she picked up his scent, fresh and warm and alive.

"You're home." Harlow smiled widely as she closed the door behind her, Vincent appearing in the kitchen doorway. Relief rushed over her at the excitement of seeing her mate. She walked up to him and leaned in for a kiss.

"Not for long. Dad needs me later. I said I'd wait to see you first and then I'm all his."

"Oh," Harlow murmured, finding it hard to disguise her disappointment. "Well, I suppose he is your father… and the alpha."

"Yeah, there is that," he replied. "Sucks sometimes." He wrapped his arms around her as she leaned against his chest, listening to the strong and steady thump of his heart.

"Thanks for waiting for me, though. I've missed you today." The reality was she missed him most days recently, but she didn't like to press the issue too much. He had a lot of things on his plate, and the last thing he needed was her adding to his stress.

"Me too. So how was the practice today? Julia teaching you all there is to know about fixing us all up?"

"Uh-huh. Finn and Jackson and the gang were in today again."

Vincent laughed before releasing Harlow from his embrace. "Why doesn't that surprise me?"

"I bet you were exactly the same at that age," she replied, knowing she was right.

"My dad would've kicked my ass if I wasn't!" He chuckled.

She kicked off her boots and fell back on the sofa. "Have you eaten?"

"No, I'll get something later. There's plenty of leftovers in the fridge for you, though, so don't wait for me. You'll probably be in bed when I get back."

She looked up at him, sensing he wasn't telling her something. Over the weeks she'd become increasingly worried about how distracted he'd been. Sure, she'd had other things going on too with her new role, but it just didn't sit right.

"You sure everything's okay? I'm just a bit worried about you. You seem so stressed recently."

He ran his hand over the back of his head and rubbed at his neck. "Just the burden of being the alpha's son." A wry smile dressed his face, and her heart went out to him. He was her mate after all, and his burdens were hers, too.

"It's a lot of pressure. I know." She sank further into the sofa wondering how this was all going to go down. Before the next full moon, a pack dinner had been set, and Vincent would officially ascend to alpha.

It was a big time for them all, especially him, so it was no wonder he'd been feeling stressed lately. For Vincent this was a major milestone. His life would be changing forever, and so would he.

"You can do this. You know I believe in you. Right?" Harlow reassured him.

He stepped toward her and kissed her on the top of her head. "Course I do."

"And if there was anything else, you'd tell me?"

"There's nothing else. I need to get going. Sorry to run out on you again."

She shook her head, a numbness taking hold inside of her that she didn't quite recognize. "It's fine." She sighed. "I've got some studying to do, and then I'll catch an early night."

"Don't wait up," he called out, his eyes trained on the floor before he grabbed his jacket from the back of a chair. A few seconds later the door closed. Harlow took a deep breath and pulled her legs up to her chest.

Alone again.

Chapter 2

Harlow

AS ALWAYS JUST BEFORE the full moon, the air was so thick Harlow could almost reach out and take hold of it. Despite its pull, Harlow tried her utmost not to become so wrapped up in the situation she forgot herself, but it was difficult.

The full moon was nearly upon them, the pack dinner in full swing, and the weight of this dinner hung heavily in the air. Mainly because Vincent had turned twenty-five and the ascension was about to take place. He was now able to become alpha, and this was the night he was going to be recognized.

"It'll be okay, Harlow," she muttered under her breath, looking around to make sure no one was taking notice of the small panic attack she felt coming on. Not only was she nervous for Vincent, the man she loved, but the night also held a certain amount of pressure for her, too.

Ascension was also accompanied by the mate selection, and though she was pretty sure this was going to be the night she and Vincent became officially official, the nerves were still very real. Having been together for over a year, and living together for several months, she knew only *her* name could drop from his lips when the time came.

Her stomach growled as the smell of spit-roasted venison filled the air. It wasn't true that all wolf shifters liked their meat dripping with blood—not when in human form, at least. Nothing was better than the smell of roasting meat and dripping fat.

The community hall was dressed in foliage and lit by strings of round white bulbs, so much smaller than the one that hung in the sky but paying homage to why the pack gathered. The pack dinner was a time for bonding and belonging.

Outside were more signs this was a special night with lines of tables, more lights, fires roasting meat, and people gathering under the clear skies. But everyone knew this was different to most pack dinners, the scent of anticipation as clear to Harlow as she knew it was to everyone else.

She made her way around the gathering, catching up with people she hadn't seen in a while. For weeks she'd spent most of her time either at the healer's practice with Julia or at home studying. Becoming second healer in the pack was something she took seriously. Not only that, but she enjoyed it—even the tough parts.

The shouts and screams of small children could be heard as they played in the distance, and Harlow remembered what it was like to be part of a pack dinner at that age. As well as the huge excitement of coming together and spending time with pack members, the oncoming full moon always brought strange sensations, not quite as strong as they were for adult shifters, but there nonetheless.

Finn and Jackson wrestled on the grass, and Harlow shook her head, knowing they'd probably end up back in her care again if they didn't knock it off. Little chance of that, though, at this time. She left them to their parents to deal with. It wasn't her place, and she had other things on her mind.

"Hey, Mallory!" she called, seeing one of her friends in the distance. Mallory waved and then walked over, beer in hand and a strange smile on her face.

“Hey, long time no see.” She wrapped one arm around Harlow’s neck in a halfhearted embrace.
“I know, sorry,” Harlow replied, feeling a little guilty at how little she’d been around the past few months. Between the practice, her studies, and Vincent, she’d been so tied up she hadn’t had time for anything or anyone else. “Bad friend alert.”
“It’s fine.” She pulled back and took a swig from her bottle. “You’ve got a lot going on. I get that.” She rubbed Harlow’s arm, who now recognized what that smile was as she looked back at Mallory—pity.
“It’s all good, though,” Harlow said, not wanting to sound as if she was trying to make Mallory feel sorry for her. After all, she was learning what she enjoyed and was making a home with the man she loved. This was a good thing. Right?
Mallory tipped her head to the side. “Yeah.” She pressed her lips together in a flat smile as she searched Harlow’s eyes and then hugged her once more.
“Anyway, enough about me, what about you?”
“All good. Not much changes, you know.” Mallory looked down at the ground, and Harlow knew something was wrong. Was it that she’d neglected her other relationships—not that she had many—to pursue her own goals and spent the rest of her time with Vincent? Was Mallory pissed? “Anyway, it was good catching up with you. Have a great dinner.”
“Yeah… you too.” Harlow watched as her friend wandered away, wondering how things could change so much in such a short span of time. She and Mallory were never exactly best friends, since Harlow had always been far more of a lone wolf. Not in the real sense. She liked others and enjoyed being part of the pack, but she also liked solitude. Maybe the time had come when those around her realized that about her.
She looked around, seeing the interactions between the rest of her pack members—from the serious conversations of the elders to the light-hearted and fun exchanges and connections among the younger pack members in their teens and twenties like her.
“Hey, Harlow,” two women her age called out as they meandered past. She’d spent time with Ava and Emma before, but they didn’t stop. This wasn’t usual for them. It was as if they happened upon her by mistake and didn’t want to engage further.
“Hey, you sitting down to eat?” Harlow called after them, hoping to get the chance to mix with her fellow pack mates.
“Sorry, already did.” Ava turned around and offered that same strange smile that Mallory had mere moments before. They continued walking away from her, and Harlow followed them with her eyes. Her stomach turned when they reached a small group and huddled together. They chatted away while they looked over at her, one by one.
Her nerves now picked at her, and as hungry as she was, she couldn’t even begin to think about sitting down to eat. She watched as everyone around her enjoyed the celebrations, filling their bellies until it was time for the main event.
“Hollow Grove pack, it’s time!” Alpha Lincoln’s voice rang around them followed by howls and chanting as the pack celebrated this special moment. “As you know, this isn’t just *any* full moon. And it’s not just *any* pack dinner.”
Harlow’s stomach clenched as she waited to see Vincent. Until now he had been kept separate from the rest of the pack, a sign he was different. He wasn’t just a part of them. He was their leader.
“Tonight, my son becomes who he was always meant to be. Tonight, we become stronger knowing that our blood is powerful. The Hollow Grove pack goes from strength to strength, and someone will always be at the helm, leading us forward.”
The crowd erupted into more howls and cheers. “Vincent, come out here!”
At the sound of his name Harlow’s heart warmed, her stomach still clenching with the strange concoction of feelings that had taken her over—nerves, hope, love, fear, and whatever she’d experienced from many of the pack tonight, especially the women.
Vincent appeared barefoot, dressed only in jeans. He walked toward his father who took him into a masculine embrace before pulling back and taking his son’s head in his hands. He nodded, nostrils flared and eyes narrowed.

“My son has now reached his twenty-fifth year. As the full moon rises, I can now tell you Vincent ascends to the head of this pack. He will take you forward. He is the new alpha!”

Lincoln took off his jacket and placed it over his son’s shoulders. It was a seemingly humble act—no crown, no inheritance of anything of material value. But to a wolf shifter, it was everything. A sign that he now wore the skin of his father, the alpha.

Tipping Vincent’s head up to the sky, he held it there, one hand at his throat and chin, the other at his nape. “Look up, son. See what’s been given to you.” The silence was deafening, as if every creature for miles held its breath while Vincent looked up at the heavens and to the moon that would guide him and his pack. “Do you swear to lead Hollow Grove pack as a true alpha?”

Harlow waited with bated breath as the man she loved seemed to change right there in front of her, not in form as she’d seen many times before, but in nature. He already oozed something different, and it was strange to think the man she’d spent months getting to know may already *be* different. Maybe she should have expected it, but then she was often told how naïve she was.

“I swear!” Vincent’s voice sounded lower and deeper than it ever had before.

Lincoln released him and then circled him several times, sniffing at the air before finally standing in front of him, pulling him close and whispering something into his ear that he allowed no one else to hear.

Then Lincoln raised his voice to be heard by the crowd once more. “Vincent will take this pack forward; his blood will run on. But to do that, he must have someone who will bear him the next generation of alphas.”

Harlow’s heart thudded in her chest, and she could hardly hear for the pulse pounding in her ears.

“Son, have you made your decision about who this will be?”

Harlow smoothed her long, red hair down over her shoulders and gathered herself. She wasn’t one for being the center of attention—far from it—but if it was what she had to do as her duty, she would.

“I have,” replied Vincent.

She closed her eyes and waited for her name, surprised that he hadn’t already sought her out among the crowd. Still, it was all so intense she reasoned maybe this was why.

“I choose Isla Gregory,” Vincent answered, a definite growl in his voice.

Harlow’s head spun, and she opened her eyes, wondering if she’d misheard. But… but she hadn’t. As a tall brunette made her way toward Vincent and he took her by the hand, she knew her worst fears had finally come true.

Her breath caught in her throat, everything crashing down on her with a cruel certainty. She’d known something wasn’t right, and that Vincent had more than just his ascension going on recently, yet she hadn’t challenged him. Now it was obvious that all along someone else had captured his attention, and *she* would be the one who forged a life with him.

Not only that, but other pack members knew. The pity, the way that people actively ignored her earlier—that’s what it was all about. How could she be so *stupid*?

Tears welled in her eyes, so hot she thought they might scorch her, but no way would she shed them in front of the pack. And no way was she going to watch as Vincent now took his new partner in front of her.

Pack dinner or not, she was out of there.

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Editor: Robert John McCarthy

Release date: November 16, 2017 [eBook #55978]
Most recently updated: October 23, 2024

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Larry B. Harrison and The Online Distributed
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A HISTORY OF TROOP A CAVALRY, CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD AND ITS SERVICE IN THE GREAT WAR AS CO. D, 102D MACHINE GUN BATTALION ***

Transcriber's Note

The cover image was created by the transcriber and is placed in the public domain.

Obvious typographical errors have been silently corrected. Variations in hyphenation have been standardised but all other spelling and punctuation remains unchanged.

Titles from the Contents, "Casualty List" and "Miscellaneous" have been added to Pages 81 and 85 respectively.

CAPT. JOHN ALLAN PATON, U. S. A.

DEDICATION

With love for him as a comrade,
with respect for him as a leader,
and with joy in the privilege that
was his in serving his country to
the utmost, this book is dedicated
to the memory of—

CAPTAIN JOHN ALLAN PATON, U. S. A.
Killed in Action
October 27, 1918.

A HISTORY

OF

TROOP A

Cavalry, Connecticut National Guard

AND ITS SERVICE IN THE
GREAT WAR

AS

Co. D, 102d Machine Gun Battalion

EDITED BY
A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY
FROM DIARIES AND OFFICIAL
RECORDS

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CONTENTS

	Page
Chapter I—Before the War	1
Chapter II—Mobilization	10
Chapter III—Preparation	14
Chapter IV—Going Over	19
Chapter V—Training	24
Chapter VI—Chemin des Dames	34
Chapter VII—Toul Sector	42
Chapter VIII—Chateau Thierry	51
Chapter IX—St. Mihiel	59
Chapter X—North of Verdun	66
Chapter XI—After the Armistice	73
Casualty List	81
Miscellaneous	85

FOREWORD

It is hoped that this book will serve as a reminder to all D Company men and their descendants of the serious and frivolous, sad and happy moments of an experience which alone could be obtained in a great conflict. From the time of the first call to service to the final muster-out of the Company, theirs were the thrills of the silent secrecy of war-time movements, the glorious reception at home when the task was completed, the joy of seeing their comrades honored, the sorrow at their loss, and for those who remain, the satisfaction of knowing they accomplished the end toward which they were turned when the declaration of war against Germany was proclaimed.

To the nobility of sacrifice shown by all those who remain in the hallowed fields of France this work is dedicated, as well as to that of the one who was singled out as a concrete example of the best D Company could produce. Not the smallest measure of honor is taken from the names of Rogers, Parmalee, Kennedy, Kapitzke, Butler, Callahan, Donth, McAviney, Meickle, Wickwire, Rosenkind and Wilfore by selecting that of their commander, for in him lived the same spirit which guided them, and their memory will last as long as free men battle for the right and champion the cause of justice.

R. J. M.

Westville, Conn., Nov. 30, 1919.

CHAPTER I
BEFORE THE WAR

From the dash and romance of cavalry to the plodding machine-gunner of the Great War, from the gilt-bedecked uniforms of a parade organization to the grim olive drab of the American army, and from citizen soldiery who took drilling once each week as a recreation, to mud-spattered, cootie-infested veterans, was the path of evolution followed by Troop "A," Cavalry, Connecticut National Guard. It was brought into existence by act of the General Assembly of Connecticut on the second Thursday of October, 1808, which authorized the formation of a company of cavalry to be known as the "Second Company of the Governor's Horse Guards ... to attend upon and escort him in times of peace and war," and by accepting this obligation and supplying its own equipment and uniforms to be exempted "from every other kind of military duty."

As a social organization, the Company continued to enlist the élite of New Haven and the surrounding towns for nearly a hundred years, appearing in parades as escort for distinguished visitors and vieing with similar organizations in Connecticut and neighboring states in making the social seasons a round of gayety for its members and friends. During its early history, while the seat of the state government was located in New Haven, the occasions were numerous when it was called upon to perform its chosen duty of parading. However, with the advent of the day when men who formerly had fine saddle horses were provided with automobiles, and with the shifting of the state capitol to Hartford, interest in the Horse Guards relaxed slightly, and it was unkindly remarked by envious infantrymen that the mounts used by the Company had become so accustomed to making their daily rounds with the milk

wagons they attempted to stop at familiar houses along the route of march.

An amendment to the original charter was passed by the General Assembly in 1861, increasing the strength of the Company from sixty to one hundred and twenty enlisted men, with one major, one captain, four lieutenants, eight sergeants and eight corporals completing the roster of officers and non-commissioned officers where there had been but one captain, two lieutenants, three sergeants and four corporals under the first charter.

While the company of Horse Guards took no active part as a unit in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, men from the organization had left the Company to take important parts in all four conflicts.

A second amendment to the charter, approved June 17, 1901, provided that upon application "either or both companies of the Governor's Horse Guards" could be organized as a troop of cavalry in the Connecticut National Guard with a personnel of "one captain, one first lieutenant, one second lieutenant, one first sergeant, one quartermaster sergeant, six sergeants, six corporals, two farriers, one saddler, two trumpeters and not more than forty nor less than thirty-five privates." Seeing in this act an opportunity to become a military unit, the organization promptly presented a petition, and an order was issued by Adjutant General Cole July 5, 1901, authorizing the immediate formation of the troop, to be designated as Troop "A," Connecticut National Guard. This was followed by the election of Luzerne C. Ludington to the office of captain of the Troop. William J. Bradnack was chosen first lieutenant and Robert J. Woodruff second lieutenant, with John Hugo first sergeant and the following members:—

Q. M. Sergt. Herbert Purmort
Sergt. George McDermott
" Frank A. Atwood
" Henry H. Lord
" Simon M. Hugo

" Herbert F. Tiesing
" Joseph L. Rosenberg
Corp. Henry Klein
" Friel H. Webber
" Albert Newman
" William M. Derickson
" Alexander O. Coburn
" Chas. F. Hofmeister
Cook Floyd Doer
" Harry Salerno
Trumpeter Fred E. Wright
" Robert T. Hibbard
Private Allen, Henry
" Atwood, Frank G. (Farrier)
" Bradnack, John H.
" Brainard, Merrit D.
" Cook, Harry
" Clark, Willard S.
" Clark, Alvin
" Frost, Edward P.
" Guilford, Harry T.
" Hall, Fred W.
" Holbeck, Andrew H.
" Hoyt, Ralph H.
" Johnson, Clifford
" Kirkland, Charles L. (Farrier)
" Knight, Charles K.
" Knight, Noble de R.
" Korte, Rudolph S.
" Landers, Lorenzo S.
" Mongovan, George H.
" Morgan, Benjamin F.
" Mower, George E.
" Ownes, James H.
" Palmatier, Fred W. (Saddler)
" Perkins, George

" Potter, Charles H.
" Reynolds, Charles
" Schwille, George
" Schindler, John
" Smith, Samuel W.
" Smith, Harry A.
" Snow, Clarence S.
" Snow, Dwight B.
" Sparks, William C.
" Todd, Horace I.
" Watson, George E.
" Williams, David G., Jr.
" Woodruff, Walter L.
" Woodruff, Charles B.
" Wooding, Milo N.
" Wright, Floyd E.
" Yale, Howard C.

Shortly after receiving recognition as a militia unit, the Troop was called together and it was decided that the Second Regiment armory on Meadow Street was unfitted for cavalry drill, so a committee was appointed to obtain a site for a new armory. Generous contributions on the part of prominent citizens enabled the erection of a wooden structure on the lot at 839 Orange Street. This building was barely completed when, in January 1905, it was burned to the ground.

Undaunted by this reverse, it was immediately decided to rebuild, and plans were made to put up a fire-proof structure. Once more men interested in the success of the Troop aided the building project by purchasing bonds, and the armory as it now stands was opened with appropriate ceremony in the Spring of 1906.

When the State bought the armory from the Troop it was suggested to men who held bonds covering the indebtedness on the building that the Troop should own a certain number of horses. Release from the payment of many obligations allowed the purchase

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